

It's an affection thing - Jack does it like anyone else would say hello.

Personal space on the Tardis doesn't follow normal rules. Amy loves this, because she loves to be close to her boys - and now they are both her boys, in a way she would never have believed would work. Amy's used to the way the Doctor hugs her and claps her on the shoulder and kisses her gently on the lips first thing in the morning. And she really likes the fact that Jack holds hands, or tickles her, or spins her round so her feet leave the floor, on almost no provocation.

And if they cross paths in the kitchen or at the console, Jack will catch her a gentle slap on the bum, a cupped-handed, friendly gesture, which says that she's cute and he likes her and he likes touching her.

Then he did it while she was off in a hot little daydream, and made her give an outraged little squeak of joy.

'Hey!' she snapped, swatting at his hand, but she's gone pink and flushed. 'Cheeky!'

'Woah,' he said, backing off slightly. 'Too much?'

'No-o,' she considered it, 'no, it's - kind of nice, actually.'

And he doesn't say anything then, but he stores up that little piece of information, and the next time they fall into bed together, while the Doctor is tinkering about under the console and likely to be busy for hours, he took the opportunity to do it again. She's rolled in on top of him, one of her legs between his thighs, and they're kissing, turning each other on slowly. Then he disengages, smiles up at her and slaps her bum softly.

'Ooh!' She gave a little pout, frowned at him. 'What was that for?'

'You like it?' he asked.

'It's OK,' she admitted. In truth, it had sent a sensitive rush of pleasure all over her.

He watched her face as he did it again, on the other side.

'Ow!' She pushed a hand through his hair. 'Bad boy.'

He smiles so nicely when she calls him that. A "yes-I-am-and-you-love-it" smile that would be unbearable if she didn't fancy him quite so much.

'Na-ah, I think,' and his palm clapped down on her butt firmly, making her pout again, 'maybe you're a bad girl. Maybe I should put you over my knee and spank you properly?'

'Oooh, kinky,' she said, but she sounded pleased and not put off.

'What do you think?' he whispered seductively in her ear. 'You wanna try it out?'

She sat up, her hair over her face for a second. 'I could go for that, yeah,' she said, considering. 'If you're gentle.'

'OK,' he nodded, 'usual safeword?'

(They don't use the traffic-light code because one of Jack's nicknames for her is "Red", which has caused confusion in the past. Amy's safeword is "Sonic".)

'OK.'

He kissed the side of her neck, stroking her hair gently with one hand. Then, without warning, he gripped her shoulder and pulled her down across his lap. She sprawled over on him with a startled yelp, finding herself landed sideways across his thighs, and then with breathtaking suddenness strong hands grasped her and turned her so she was face down, her hair tumbling about her face. One hand settled on her shoulder, the other sliding sneakily over her bum, fingers dipping to the sensitive space along her inner thighs. She loves the unexpected, free-fall feeling of Jack changing the dynamic, sweeping her off her feet, spinning her emotions upside down.

'Such a bad girl,' he breathed, voice smooth and sensual, barely audible. 'You really need a good spanking, don't you?'

'Oh yeah?' she said, sarkily. Amy doesn't drop her attitude easily. Instinctively, without articulating it even to herself, she feels that if he gets to have the fun of spanking her, he has to earn it. He has to prove he can top her competently.

'Oh, I think so,' he said, calmly. 'You're cheeky, you keep wandering off, and you have such a very dirty mind.'

'You can talk,' she reacted back, before thinking about it.

He slapped her bum, not too hard, the flat of his palm connecting with a crack on her tiny denim skirt. She twitched.

'Yes I can,' he breathed. 'Cause I'm the one holding you over my knee. You just keep your smart little mouth shut, or I might have to give you extras.'

'Ooh - ' She bit back the rest of the sentence.

'Gonna behave for me?' he asked, and before she could answer he slapped her again, the other side, a little bit harder. She struggled ineffectively, her hips nudging forward. Her knees were tucked neatly together on the bed, her arms supporting her face, and her bum, feeling deliciously vulnerable and sensitive, pushed up into the air, her abdomen laid across his lap.

'OK.'

'I'm sure I misheard that. I'm sure what you really said was "yes, Sir",' he said, and even though his voice is still soft there's an edge of commanding-officer steel about it. Just hearing it, Amy's lips part.

'Wasn't it?' he asked.

'Yes, Sir,' she said, meekly.

'Good.' His fingers began running down over her skirt again, starting from her lower back and tracing all the way to the back of her knee, pausing to tickle and circle and press at the sweet spot of her inner thigh, and just snake for a second under the taut hem of her skirt. The sensation makes her want to grind against him, and she resists with difficulty. She's sure he won't let her rub off against him just yet.

'Want some more?' he asked.

'Ooh, yes, please. Sir,' she said, starting to get a feel for the right answers.

Smack! A firmer slap on her buttocks, his hand stinging her slightly now, even through her skirt.

'Good,' he breathed. 'So, tell me what a bad girl you've been.'

She felt a small shiver of insecurity - not fair! He was supposed to be doing the talking, and she felt slightly shy of articulating anything that wasn't either real-worldy and not fun in this playful scenario, or just silly.

Then it occurred to her.

'I was very bad the other day,' she said, breathlessly, feeling from the subtle shift of his body that he'd raised his hand again.

'Go on,' he ordered, and brought down his hand with another resounding slap that made her squeak.

'I - when you came up behind me and did that,' she said, 'and I was - I was having this fantasy - '

'Oh yeah?' She can hear his smile breaking through in his voice.

'I was thinking about pushing you up against a wall,' she breathed, 'just grabbing you, wherever we happened to be, and shoving you against the nearest surface and just - doing what I wanted with you. Kissing you hard, and groping you, and making you really really hot for me - '

'Oh, so you wanna play with me now, huh? Wanna just use me to have your fun with?' he demanded, ironic, theatrically outraged. 'Bad girl.'

' - let me finish - then I was going to go down on you,' she insisted, changing direction fast. 'I was going to kneel down and - and please you with my mouth - '

She can't believe she's saying this, the erotic images are just rising in her brain. Maybe because she can't see his face, maybe because she can feel he's in control - something kinkily eager-to-please is stirring inside her.

'Ooh, liar,' he drawled, and laid another resounding slap on her, right on the sweet spot at the top of her thigh. It stung, and made her whimper very slightly. 'I bet you weren't thinking about doing any such thing, were you? You just said that to make me go easy on you.'

'No,' she said, trying to sound sincere, 'no, I didn't.'

'Don't believe you,' he said, and his voice is almost a growl. 'You'd just say anything to get away without being properly punished, you bad girl. Well, you don't get round me that way,' and three smacks in quick succession, left-right-left on her still-stinging butt, and she rocked and swore against him. The pain of each blow makes her tense ready for the next one, which makes it hurt more when it arrives. And with each clench and relax, she feels another tiny throb of blood race to her cunt, making her start to grow wet.

A little pause. Then Jack's hand relaxed on her shoulder, and she heard his voice in a sort of stage-whisper tone, dropping out of character.

'You doin' OK, sweetheart?'

'I'm fine,' she responded, a trifle disorientated at the switch.

'Wanna keep going?'

'Yes, please!' She surprised herself with the force of her reaction, but even though her bottom is stingy and sore, she feels pink and pleased and excited, and threads of sensation are stealing round her thighs, focussing in on her clit.

'Cool,' and he patted her shoulder, resumed his grip on her, and ran his other hand down her back and over the curve of her bum.

'You know what?' he said, conversationally, 'you must have some very cute marks by now, and I can't see them. Which is a real shame, so - ' and his hand slid without warning up under her skirt, his fingers sliding along the cleft of her bum over her pants, 'I better take these off, hadn't I?'

She arched up to make it easier, raising her bum in a way that's very pleasing to the eye, and in a tiny break of the moment she felt him slip one hand between their bodies and adjust his cramped erection under his trousers. That made her smile to herself against the bedclothes.

Then she felt him peel her pants down round her thighs, and push up her skirt til it was round her waist, exposing her beautiful curvy arse. She has a glowingly pink patch on the peak of each buttock, and her lips were just visible, plump and warm with excitement.

Unseen, under her body, Amy's breasts are comfortably squashed, her nipples perked up from the turn-on she's feeling, and a narrow slice of her bare tummy and lap is pressed against the rough material of Jack's trousers, and that feels really good. She'd love, more than anything, to push against him, grind her mound down against the taut muscle of his thigh.

'Oh, that's gorgeous,' he breathed, and his fingers circled ticklishly on the crest of her left buttock. Hypersensitive, she practically quivered with each light touch, til she was relaxed and eager for more, edging up to get him to stroke her -

And then he gave her another harsh slap that made her yelp and drop, her weight landing on his legs, the stinging so intense she wanted to cry.

'Ow!' she squeaked, and for a second her brain toyed with her safeword, but before she could say it, the sensation burned down to a glow of intense warmth and rolled through her, heating her all over.

'Ooh, yeah,' he whispered. 'Think you can take a few more?'

'And then what?' she asked, her teeth gritted.

'Then - whatever you like,' he said.

'Really?' she whispered.

'Well, you've been such a good girl,' his words are teasing her, close to her ear, he's leaning over her, his hands circling slowly over her bare, sensitive butt. She can't help it this time, she gives a small shift, edging her hips forward a fraction so that her mound grazed his leg. 'I figure you

get a reward...'

'Oh, please,' she moaned, almost beneath her breath, and then he'd taken his hand away, leaving her skin suddenly cold and longing.

'Let's just make really sure you've learned your lesson,' he said, and brought his hand down on her with another biting slap. She winced and cried out, but before she could protest he gave her another, then another, raining down a short burst of blows til she was almost crying, squeaking breathlessly on each one.

Without warning he stopped, and smoothed his hand gently over her bare skin, the heel and palm brushing gently over her stinging cheeks, once again making sensations tingle through her all the way to her clit.

She feels supersensitive, all over, almost ticklish, and warm and sore and oddly smiley. She doesn't have words for these feelings, but she reacts by giggling, breathing like a swimmer breaking the surface.

'Is that it?' she asked.

'Yep, that's it,' he replied, and his normal, warm voice is back, so she pushed herself up and slid off his knees, twisting to sit up (her bare bum tingling even from the mundane contact of the bedclothes) and lay her legs across his lap, snuggling herself in close to him so he can wrap one arm round her shoulders and stroke her hair with his free hand, kissing her gently to bring her down.

'Ohh - ooh - that was fun,' she giggled, a bit hyper, something small and safe in the way she felt making her sound younger than she was. 'I think I like spanking.'

He cradled her against him til he was sure she wasn't going to drop suddenly, then (playful and silly) tipped her feet up by the ankles so she rolled on her back, and sprawled full-length beside her, kissing her tummy through the big pullover she wore. He's laughing too, responding to her giggliness, the playful way she goes to pull his hair. He crept up her body, kissing indiscriminately anywhere he could reach, til he's snuggled comfortably against her, more or less on top, and she can feel the unacknowledged pressure of his hard-on against her thigh. She still hasn't pulled her pants back up, and she can feel a delicious slickness on her bare lips.

'So what do you wanna do now?' he breathed, nibbling gently at her neck, licking her earlobe.

'I want - ' she reached to push her hand into the tight space between their bodies and found her fingers curving over the swell of his cock. 'I want you inside me...'

'Oh god, yeah,' he gasped. It takes very few moves for her to roll til she's laid herself on her face - not her favourite position, but a perfectly workable one for her, and it feels like the right one for this - with Jack lying against her, his hands either side of her shoulders, grinding slowly down against her arse, making her melt and press back up against him. He's still fully dressed, shirt coming slightly untucked, and the friction of his clothes is teasing her already sensitive skin, making her clit throb with desire.

'Stop - teasing and fuck me, damnit,' she breathed, and then he had to break contact to reach for the drawer and find a condom. She heard the snap of trouser buttons being wrenched undone, and twisted herself round to watch him as he freed his thickened cock and hastily rolled a condom on, giving a few slow strokes to make sure it was in place. Amy's fingers sneak down to find her clit and give herself a few answering flicks as he leans back down, his body falling into place on top of hers, his thighs gently nudging hers apart, his weight against her still-tingling bum, and his breath warm on her back of her neck.

'Ready for this?' he hisses, and she can feel him moving in close, and then -

'Oh god!'

He's teasing the head of his cock up and down along her hungry cunt, rubbing from her clit all the way to the lower edges of her lips and back, smooth and slick across every sensitive spot, making tiny wet noises that turn them both on even more. Then his head bumps her fingers, which are moving to her clit again, and she gives it a gentle rub and relishes the sound of his gasp.

'I am so ready for this,' she muttered, focussing, moving his cock against her, back to that point, between her lips, and she guided his head inside her, and he felt the move and went with it, pushing inside in one slow strong shove that made her groan unrestrainedly.

As he reaches inside her, he arches over so he can kiss her neck again, his face buried in her waves of red hair, and he made an expert move that seemed to prod and jolt deliberately right into her G-spot, making her moan, and then - raising the stakes - he tipped his weight onto one hand, freed the other, caught her a soft slap on the hip.

'How's this?' he whispered, and she managed to mutter ' - good - good,' and arched back to make him do it again. That slap sent ricochets of pleasure right through her, linking and twining with the feel of him inside her, and of her finger on her throbbing clit.

From where he is, the visual is amazing - Amy's body spread under him, her head turned so he can see her closed eyes, the pout of erotic

concentration on her face. She has most of her clothes still on, her skirt hitched around her waist to reveal her bare, beautiful arse, with his hand resting on it, cupping her perfect ripe curves, and the hard lines of his own body laid against her, his hips moving fluidly and hungrily in time to her moans, and he can feel on the underside of his cock that her fingers are jolting and jerking away in a frantic, hungry pulse against her clit, the speed telling him how wound up she is, eliciting an answering throb of sensuality in his cock.

'Oh - oh - oh god, that's good - ' she edged out, words bitten between her teeth as she began to build up. She feels enclosed and tender and filled and so, so close to coming, 'Please - like that, just - faster, a bit faster - yeah - '

Jack powered into her again, speeding up so she gave a harsh little cry and nodded, speech beyond her. He slapped her again, sharper this time, so he felt the impact throb through her and reach his cock.

She gave a loud yelp of pleasure, and clenched harshly, shuddering in small intense moves as her orgasm took over, making delicious uncontrolled noises of lust and excitement as she peaked. Jack moved with her, not letting up, thrusting deep until she quieted and sighed and nodded, as if to say "That's enough."

He drew out and rolled over, curled up round her.

'Oh, but you didn't - ' she said.

'S'OK,' he murmured breathlessly against her hair. He hitched the blankets over her body, kissed her neck. She almost purred as she snuggled up to him.

'How do you feel?' he asked her.

'Good. Sort of - small and safe,' she admitted. 'Why?'

'Sometimes, the come-down can be a bit rocky,' he explained. 'Sometimes people want to curl up and hide, or crave sweet food, or get really hyper and buzzed, or need tea and hugs - I used to know a guy who cried afterwards, but in a good way.'

'Well, hugs are nice,' she said, and rolled over. 'But I can't send you to make tea before you get off, now, can I?'

Jack was about to say that it was all right, aftercare was important and he could wait, but she'd laid a hand firmly on his cock before he could get the sentence together, and he lost what he'd been going to say in a little 'unf!' noise of desire.



'Lose the condom?' she asked, pausing.

'Lose the condom,' he agreed, and she peeled it off so she could stroke and rub him skin-to-skin, feeling the heat of him against her fingers, the wetness of the head as she speeded up and found the stroke he liked, the one that made his lower lip jut in a sort of snarl.

His responsibilities receding, Jack lapsed completely into the joy of that firm grip, those clever fingers stroking and stroking, getting him hotter and hungrier until he lost himself entirely.

She snuggled him against her as he recovered, pulled the covers over them both.

'Oooh - wow...' he breathed, 'that was fun.'

'Yeah. I like spanking,' Amy said, sleepily. 'Think we could get the Doctor interested in it?' she added.

'Already have,' whispered Jack, with a soft little half-laugh. 'If I'd told him what I was planning, I guarantee you he'd have wanted to watch.'

'Oh - ' Amy pouted. 'Next time, can we let him?'

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